

Stream

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Stream

by [FAiNTROS \(orphan_account\)](#)

Summary

George has to deal with this shit while streaming

Request:
George streaming and dream controlling vibrator

Me go brrrrrrrrr

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

“Dream you can’t be serious right now.” George stared at the taller practically begging with his deep brown eyes. His actions were weaker and more powerless than usual while most times he would try and tease his dominant partner he felt like if he even tried the situation would end up worse than was intended to and he would not only be punished but also embarrassed at the fact he couldn’t walk for a few days.

The blond smirked holding up two objects in view for the Brit to see. A vibrator and a remote most likely to control the adult toy. “Oh my it seems little Georgie has gotten himself in a certain predicament. Huh?” He teased drawing out each line leaving a spike of poison that sparked George’s blood to move downward.

All day the dark haired submissive had been teasing the green eyed male to get reactions out of him. Or to ram him against any random surface inside the house, which pissed Dream off. George tried every way he knew the blond would lose his control to. Bending down in front of him

wearing short shorts to pick up objects he had dropped purposely, wearing the younger man's shirt that displayed fresh unmarked pale skin. Even going to the measures of moaning too much while they recorded and laying on his lap while Dream was trying to edit.

“Get ready. I’ll be waiting for the stream.” The blond snickered, tossing the toy at George, hitting the dark teal sweatshirt leant to him by Dream himself.

“A stream! Dream please no.” He whined, gripping the taller's sweater leaning against the younger's chest flustered at the request.

“You brought this on yourself.”

Dream finally stepped away walking to the door, not looking back and waving the remote to tease George. Once the blond had strolled out of the small room it was surprising how little time it took for George to grab a bottle of lube from inside the drawer of a dark stained wood table. Popping open the cap he was more than eager to lay back against the bed whilst leathering his fingers with the clear coated liquid. His slender fingers slipped into his needy hole and one by one he started to stretch himself. Just enough for the penetration to not hurt him.

His finger had somehow managed to strike and brush against his prostate leaving him a whining and moaning mess on the top of the mattress. That was until he remembered the vibrating toy that had been placed on the nightstands. Dream had taken the remote back into his room but the toy itself still stood in George's possession. His other hand reached out to it and the discarded half empty bottle of lubricant. He coated the wet and cold substance over the adult toy just enough so that it wouldn't give too much of a burn when it entered.

His body positioned itself over the toy that he held with one hand, the very top was already in his stretched asshole. George's breath staggered while he let out moans sinking down onto the vibrator wanting more.

Sluttishly his legs opened slightly as he moved it faster trying to sink deeper into a wave of euphoria. He shouldn't be doing this, this was not what Dream wanted him to be doing, but god it felt so good. The toy sat awfully close to his prostate while he tried to not make any sudden movement towards the gaming set up and a few clicks later he opened up teamspeak and twitch.

Fuck this was gonna be hard.

~~~~~

“No! What the hell!!”

George felt as stiff as a board, not just how hard he was, but at how achingly hard he was getting. His mind was focused on the game in front of him. It had been around 30 minutes since he put the toy inside him and it still has yet to move. But he felt that if he moved in even the slightest way that the toy would start up at any given time. George was more scared than anything, on high alert for any sign Dream could be about to use the remote.

Face cam was off for very very obvious reasons, most of it being so that George wouldn't get banned off twitch. Yet he and Dream were on a video call so his boyfriend could see his expressions while sitting in the next room. The toy barely touched his prostate but it was still enough to scare him into following most of Dream's orders during the duration of the stream. It wasn't until George was talking about an event that happened in real life after getting a donation that the blond folded his hands toward the remote.

The directions were simple, a on and off button and the up and down button. He hadn't even tested how fast this thing could go but according to the box it had levels and even a few modes. Most of which he would have to try later with the brunette. His hand hit the on button while listening to George stream, he could definitely hear the older boy's breath hitch and his character completely freeze up.

George could definitely feel it, of course it didn't feel like too much of a stretch considering it was most likely on a low level. Every few seconds it brushed against his prostate giving him more pleasure with every buzz. He fought off the urge to moan out loud and he merely shifted in his seat, continuing to speak to the audience in doing so answering with a pretty reasonable excuse of lag for the cut off.

Assuming it wasn't doing its job, Dream hit the plus a couple of times, then looked back at George. The brunette bit his lip hard to try and not let out any noises, his face was deep red while he squirmed in his cushioned seat. The blond would 100% tell George was fighting with this.

Hot.

He chuckled watching the poor older boy miss a few mlg water jumps in the game while he continued his hit George's character around. The smaller boy glared at the camera, something that caught the eye of Dream from off camera. Snickering he raised the level once more. George responded with audible groan that sounded throughout the stream.

"Sorry this h-headache is killing me guys.." He whimpered out, biting his lip before grabbing at his own hair slightly. The chat spammed with either dirty remarks involving Dream or with get off stream and taking something to help with it.

He shot a death glare Dreams way before clearing his throat "Sorry, guys I can s-still stream. No need to w-ah~worry much..." At that moan every single person watching the stream freaked. Dream had jumped the speed from 5 to 9 in a matter of seconds. His mic muted just in time for the brunette to let out a whimper and string of moans following. "

"Dream~"

"Cmon baby get back on there I'll let you get off when punishment is done."

"I hate you and this." He muttered before hearing a few chuckles. Dream pitifully turned the toy back down to a 7, George breathing heavily each one being caught into the mic.

"This guy can't handle a small headache." Dream teased leaning into the mic, taking over while George composed himself.

George whimpered out softly, brushing off the concerned chat messages from his fans before he began to slightly squirm and bounce in his seat discreetly. "Y-Yeah Sapnap couldn't come this time he got caught up with Texas things."

He chuckled shakily before gasping out sharply and playing it off as a yawn "Sorry, didn't sleep much last night." He chuckled breathily taking in some gulps of air as the toy started to press deeper towards his prostate.

"Poor guy, sure had a hard night." Dream smirked, turning the notch up more, driving George crazy.

George's eyes rolled and fluttered as the speed of the toy inside of him changed. He ran his hands over his face and squirmed in his seat, almost finding himself starting to bounce again. God, he

was leaking pre cum all through the red boxers he had underneath his pants.

He swore he'd get Dream back after this. To which Dream was seemingly oblivious, simply enjoying the stream while teasing the older boy. It wasn't until he caught the sound of George's chair creaking that he realized just how close he was. He gave the remote another click as both of the boys started to say their goodbyes to the audience.

George whimpered out and bit his lip before saying his goodbyes, quickly rushing to turn off the stream. He could barely stand right, his legs so shaky he could've sworn they'd give out any second "O-Oh fuck~" he moaned out shakily as he fell back into his chair.

Suddenly a burst of pleasure hit his prostate at a rapid speed basically stabbing his sweet spot over and over again till the point where he couldn't take it. His voice was only limited to moans and whimpers that left his throat in a hurry.

“Ah~ Nghhhhh... Haaaaa~”

His head flew backwards against the dark cushion seat, his hands gripped at the arms of the chair digging nails into the fabric leather. The pool in his gut grew even larger and large till he exploded over himself.

“Ahh~ D-dreammmmmmm”

But the vibrations had yet to stop.

## End Notes

ELLLLLLOOOOOOOO

WHAT IS GOING ON ON TWITTER JESUS

I hope this was good enough for who requested it

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